(21) 16.

A PLEASANT CONFERENCE UPON THE OBSERVATOR, AND Heraclitus:

TOGETHER

With a brief RELATION OF THE PRESENT POSTURE OF THE French Affairs.

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Printed for *H. Jones.* MDCLXXXII.

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A Pleasant Conference UPON THE *OBSERVATOR* and *HERACLITUS*.

ABout the time that the third Head of *Cerberus* had set the Watch for the other two that were fallen asleep, in came a Spirit Booted and Spur'd, and commanded the Gates of the Infernal Palace to be opened: which was immediately done, without a word of Pray Sir remember the Porter.

Who should this be, but one of *Lucifer's* Emissaries, that he had sent into this world to Eves-drop for Intelligence, to keep Company, to counterfeit sometimes *Tory*, and sometimes *Whigg*, and make what Discoveries he could.

Lucifer had been Gaming most part of the night, and was very drowsie, when they brought him word that such a one was attending below: but understanding his business, he ordered him present admittance.

May it please your most Illustrious Highness, said *Belsager*, for that was the Name of the *Florentine* Emissary, You sent me into the other world to make Discoveries; and it was upon this ground, for that you believed your two Brothers, *Jupiter* and *Neptune*, had been injurious to you, in giving you the worst share of the *Universe*, and therefore you were resolved upon new pretensions, to make an Exchange or an Invasion, and not to be confined any longer to Shades or Tenebrosity. And to this purpose you sent me to discover the Genius of your intended

tended Subjects. Sir, take my advice, and stay where you are. For as for your Brother *Jupiter*, I have made some inquiry after him, but find him to be altogether worn out of date; so far from being Adored and Worshipped, that you shall hardly hear him nam'd, unless it be now and then in a Thunder-thumping Tragedy. And for your Brother *Neptune*, 'tis said that the French King has bought him out of all his Dominions, and intends to be Lord of the whole Ocean that flows between both the Poles himself. And for the Earth, I mean that part of the *Universe* where those Creatures call'd Mortals live, the fore-mentioned French King, no more dreaming of Mortality, than you of dying, is resolved to make himself the Universal Monarch of it. To which purpose, he daily goes on, vexing, tormenting, and incroaching upon his Neighbours, that no body can live in quiet for him. No Leagues will hold him, no Faith will bind him up; so that although your most *Serene Sootiness* well know how much you are bound up, if you only Swear by *Styx*, yet is he so regardless of those things, that if you mind him of his Treatie-Attestations, he presently shrugs up his shoulders and laughs at ye,---as much as to say,---he knows better things.---He buyes Towns by whole-sale, and I wish you yourself may be safe from his Treasure.

Pluto. Let him be never so rich, and never so great a Ruffler, I think I am able to match him both in number and wealth.

Belfegor. I grant it, Sir, you exceed him in number, but then, alas, Sir, what signifie your Millions of Skeletons, shadows only of Men, that live merely upon the Air, to encounter with so many thousands of well-disciplined *Sa, Sa's*, whose bones are covered with hard flesh, and outwardly fortified with Cloaths and Armour, within

with Beef, Pudding, Strong-beer, and Canary, which they will have if it be upon earth.—Then for your wealth, Sir,---'Tis true, you may make these Mortals, especially the most active, they'l do e'en what you please for your Money; but then again, they are so Quarrelsome, so Mutinous, so Seditious, so Turbulent, so restless, that you who have raigned always in peace, and in perfect Unity with your own Natural Subjects, and with so much aw and Arbitrary Dominion over Forreigners, will never endure to be pestred, harrased, worryed, hampered, and perplexed, by these humane Terrestrials, as you must expect to be.

Pluto. But how if I can get in by Conquest?

Belsagor. Ah, Sir, I would not have you attempt it, for they'l be too hard for you in two things; the one side will out-pray ye, and the other will out-swear ye; and then pray tell me, what will become of all your Millions? all the vast Army, and all the numerous Captains that *Miltons Paradise lost* musters up for ye, they'l all do you not a pins worth of good.

Pluto. This seems somewhat strange, I thought I could have dealt well enough with Mankind, I am sure I find the proudest of 'em all tame enough here.

Belsagor. That's nothing, Sir, when they are incarnate they are quite another thing; and therefore if your Sootiness will not believe me, you had best go *incognito*, and try your self. Nay, Sir, to tell you more, there is in one little spot of the Terrestrial Globe, a place called *Plotters Island*, which you may easily cover with one of your Princely Black Thumbs, where they are in the strangest confusion imaginable; and all about a business that I am sure you would never trouble your head with; much less would endure, to have your rest disturbed, your repose disordered, and your pleasures interrupted for it.

Pluto.

Pluto. Prithee what's that?

Belfagor. Religion, Sir, or, at least, that's the grand pretence.

Pluto. I believe that which you call *Flattery Island*, is *Sicilie*; for that Island is monstrous hot, as they say, as having a continual burning Mountain in it, fancied to be the vent of my Kitchin Chimney, and therefore it may be rationally thought to have some more than ordinary influence upon the heads of the people.

Belfagor. No, no, Sir, 'tis called *Flattery Island*, where all the Inhabitants are under Disguises, Jealousies, Fears, and Misconstructions; one man calls his Neighbour *Whigg*, and his Neighbour calls him *Tory*; another man calls his Neighbour *Fanatick*, and his Neighbour calls him *Tantivie-man*.

Pluto. By the Mass, I never heard of such fine Names before.

Belfagor. No, Sir, I believe you did not; but 'tis come to that pass now, that all the Goosequillers are got into the field, skirmishing continually, without any thoughts of Winter-quarters.

Pluto. The Goosequillers, prithee what are those? who commands them?

Belfagor. Why, may it please your most *Serene Rootiness*, they are for the most conversed with in the shapes of Men, but I rather look on them with a *partie per pale* prospect, half *Devil*, half *Man*. The great Generals of the Parties are, General *Observator*, General *Heraclitus*, General *Advice from Rome*, with several Brigadeers of lesser fame, as *Col. Fetterlanio*, &c.

Pluto. What sort of Weapons do they use?

Belfagor. Pamphlets, Sir. You may go into a Coffee-house, and see a Table of an Acre long covered with nothing but Tobacco-pipes and Pamphlets, and all the seats

seats full of Mortals leaning upon their Elbowes, licking in Tobacco, Lyes, and Lack Coffee, and studying for Arguments to revile one another.

Pluto. How comes all this to pass?

Belfagor. By vertue of a certain Devilish Engine, Sir, of your own inventing, called a Printing-press.

Pluto. Ay, but all this while these are only Tools; who are the Artists that manage and handle these Tools?

Belfagor. Sir, the Inhabitants of the Island told me, those Artists were great friends of yours; that is to say, the *Pope*, and certain Viperous Animals of his fostering, called Priests and Jesuits.

Pluto. O hang 'em, they'd embroyl my Kingdoms too, if they could; but thou knowest what massie Bolts and Locks I have been forced to keep 'em under, ever since I smelt 'em out, and what extraordinary corrections I give to keep them low and quiet. Well, but what pranks had these fellows been playing in *Plotters Island*?

Belfagor. Why, Sir, they have been playing the Devil with two sticks. They had set up a most cruel and dangerous Plot to destroy the Prince of the *Island*, and the greatest part of his *best Subjects*, which they call Hereticks; but it being in time discovered, the design seemed so execrable, so detestable, so abominable, so pernitious and destructive to the very Being and Welfare of Mankind, that the Pope, his Priests and Jesuits, have been labouring all the ways imaginable to throw off the shame and ignominie of the thing from themselves, and fix it upon the Hereticks. To this purpose they laid down this for a Maxim, That if the Prince of the *Island* were once set against that part of his Subjects which they most dreaded, and by them lately called *Whiggs*, and they provoked against the Government, he would not only be alienated from them, but be in a man-

manner compelled, for his own security, to joyn with them against his new displayed Enemies. The design being thus laid, to imbitter the Prince against the Subject, & the Subject against the Prince, the Pope and the Jesuits embodyed themselves with the *Tories*, among whom credulity and heat of the brains raign very powerfully, and made them believe strange stories and Romances of the *Whiggs*, as if they were Machinating against Regal Government, setting up Republicks, building Castles in the Air for Garrisons, and lastly, that they intended to have seized upon the Person of the King; Tales all as false as improbable, and such as have ridiculously, it seems, suffered since by the unsuccessful choice of the Witnesses and Proofs. Then the *Observator* and *Heraclitus* were left loose to bawl out *Forty One*, *Forty One*, *Oh*, *Forty One*, have a care of *Forty One*, beware of *Forty One*, Bow, wow, wow, wow, *Forty One*. Don't you remember, Sir, what a dreadful noise our *Dog Cerberus* made one night, when *Theseus* came Hectoring down hither, and broke your Highnesses Palace-Windows?

Pluto. Very well, for which *Theseus* gave the Cur such a confounded pelt, after his manner, that his Tripple pate was forced to be noynted with butter and beer for six Months after.

Belfagor. Well, Sir, even such a wicked noise do these two wide-mouth'd *Melampus's* make. And all this while the *Tantivie-men* spit i' their Mouths, collect silver sops for 'em among the rest of the Tribes, and when they have reduced them into *Aurum Potabile*, present it for their farther incouragement.

Having by these ways endeavoured to render the Subject suspected to the Prince, their next game was to render the Prince odious to the Subject, by advising him to recal his gracious Dispensation of severe Laws, and

to

to cause penalties to be put in execution for the enforcement of their Conscience, of which the *Whiggs* are said to be extreamly nice and tender. A thing which the *Whiggs* lament very much, as knowing how little they vary in points of Controversie from the *Tories*. And the better to colour this design, they seized and imprisoned several of the *Whiggs*, and were so fortunate to hang a poor intruder; by which means they thought to have struck at the whole Party; but the ruine being circumscrib'd to his only Microcosme, the Intreague was buried with his Quarters.

Pluto. So, then you say the Jesuits are they, that set the *Tories* and *Whiggs* together by the ears.

Belfagor. You have it right, Sir, and they still continue the fewd.

Pluto. All this while, good *Belfagor* what is a *Tory*? what is a *Whigg*? what are these *Tantivie-men*, these *Observators*, and these *Heraclitus*?

Belfagor. May it please your most Serene *Tenebrositie*, When I first came to hear of these uncooth Names, I was as much a gast as your Highness seems now to be; I nere was so fraid i' my life, but that they had been some new inventions of the men of Schemes, to send us trotting about the world upon their Fools Errands; but long it was not ere they began to make Characters one of another, or some body for them; and that puts us out of those fears, all which I presently bought up, as well to inform my own ignorance, as your Highnesses curiosity. The first I met with was that of a *Tory*.

Pluto. And where is it?

Belfagor. 'Tis here in my paw, I intend if your *Sootsmess* will give me leave, to read it.

Pluto. Do so.

Belfagor. A *Tory* is a Monster with an *English* Face, a

French Heart, and an *Irish Conscience*. A Creature of a large *Forehead*, prodigious *Mouth*, supple *Hams*, and no *Brains*. The Country made Description of him, was both Rhyme and Reason; *Roary, Whorey, Sworey, Scorey*, That's a *Tory*; for *Noise* and *Debauchery*, *Oaths* and *Beggery*, are the Four *Elements* that compose him: His *Arms* are those of *Thacher*, an *Ass Couchant*; and his Mark is a *Red Ribbon* in his Cap, to shew, That he belongs to the *Scarlet Whore*, by her Bloody Livery; or else, you may take it for a *Wedding Favour*, That whenever *Popery* and *Tyranny* shall make a *Match*, he would fain be a *Bride man*. He seems descended from *Esau*, since he is so ready to Truck away an Invaluable *Birthright* for a *French Frick-shaw*, and a Nauseous Mess of *Italian Pottage*. Or if you will run his Pedigree higher, you may call him a *Noddite*, one of the Race of *Cain* the *Murderer*, that would fain be Persecuting his Brother, meerly because he is more Righteous than himself.

Take our *Tories* in the *State*, and they are Caterpillers that Devour every green thing in a flourishing Kingdom, and would Stab Liberty and Property to the Heart, that they themselves like *Beasts of Prey*, might live wholly upon *spoil and Rapine*, in only to be Subjects to *Nebuchadnezzar*; when bereav'd of Humane sence, he hearded with the *Wild Asses* of the *Desert*. Though they boast themselves *Englishmen*, yet they act in all things as *Antipods*, to their Native Countrey, and seem rather *Bogg-trotters*, Transplanted the Spawn of some *Redshanks*, or the By-blows of the old lazy *Lord-Danes*, that once Domineer'd over our Ancestors. They are a sort of *Wild Boars*, that would root out the Constitution, and break the Ballance of our happy Government; and render that *Despotick*, which hitherto has been both Established and bounded by Law. *Fanxes*

in Masquerade, that with *Dark Lanthorn* Policies, would at once blow up the two Bulwarks of our Freedom, *Parliaments* and *Juries*; making the first only a Parliament of *Parts*; and the latter, but meer Tools, to Ecchо back the pleasure of a Judge. They are so certain, that Monarchy is *Jure Divino*, that they look upon all people living under Aristocracies, or Democracies, to be in a state of *Damnation*; and fancie, That the *Grand Seignior*, the *Czar* of *Moscovy*, and the *French King*, dropt down from *Heaven* with *Crowns* on their Heads, and that all their Subjects were born with *Saddles* on their backs. Your true *Tory* is as fond of *Slavery*, as others are of *Liberty*, and will be at as much pains and charge to obtain it; for he envies the happiness of *Canvas Breeches* and *Wooden Shoes*; and extreamly admires the Mercy of the Inquisition. He rails at *Magna Charta*, as the Seed-plot of *Sedition*; swears that it was first obtained by *Rebellion*, and that all our Fore-fathers were *Rogues and Fools*, and did not understand *Prerogative*. He wonders why people should squander away their time at the *Law of Court*, or what need there is either of the *Common Law* or the *Statute-book*, since the King might at any time, with quicker dispatch declare his pleasure in any Point or Controversie, and each Loyal Subject were bound to acquiesce, on pain of Damnation. Yet after all, his boasted *Loyalty* extends no further than a Drunken Health; he *Roars* and *Swaggers*, but does not *Serve* the King; he promises Mountains, and by Lies and Misrepresentations, gives false Measures, but performs nothing; nor is it the Cause, but the Cruft that he Barks for.

Then in relation to the Church; *Tory* is either a *Crab-Protestant*, that *crawls backwards* as fast as he can to *Rome*; or at best, but the *Gats foot* wherewith the Ro-

mild *Mockers*, Claw the Protestant Religion till the Blood comes; one that does their Drudgery, though he has not always the Wit to see it, and all the Wages he must expect, is *Polyphemus*'s Curtesie, to be Devoured *last*. He is a *Firebrand* kindled by the Jesuits, and flung in to make a Combustion amongst us; Whilst we were Hunting down their Plot with a full Cry, they Hunt in their Deep mouth'd Hound, who speeding on a false *Scent*, diverted the Chase, and so the Popish Puss squats safe in her Form; and now quitting the pursuit of the *Foxes*, he begins to worry the *Sheep*. He pretends high for the Church of *England*; but as he understands not her Doctrine, so he dishonours her by his lewd Conversation. What a pretty pious Confession of Faith is it, to hear a *Bully* Cry, *God-Dam-Me, I am of the Church of* England, *and all the* Presbyterians *are Sons of Whores*.) Indeed, the only proof both of his Religion and Courage, is, that he sweare most frequently by that *Tremendous* Name, at which, lesser Devils Tremble, and his Christianity consists in *Cursing* all those that he is pleased to call *Phanaticks*; and *Phanaticks* he calls all those, that are not content to be either Papists or Atheists. His Tongue is always tipt with *Dam-mee*, and *Forty One*; and so hot, (being set on Fire of *Hell*) that he is fain to drink Healths, (sometimes to the Pope, and sometimes to the Devil,) Sixty times an hour to quench it; and then beleches out *Huzza's* as fast, as Mount *Strombulo* does Fire and Brimstone.

Whilst he clamours at Dissenters for not coming to Church, he thinks 'tis Canonical enough to sleep over the *Lords-day*, to digest the Fumes of Saturdays Debauch, or take a walk in *Guild-hall-yard*, peep in at the Preacher, and presently retire to the Tavern for a whet to Dinner, or else to meet the Club of *Witty good-mockers*.

mockery by *Fleet-ditch* side, and Droll away the day in Blasphemy, Ridiculing Religious Duties, or inventing *Jack pudding Lies* of some pretended *Nonconformistic* Preaching. If he be somewhat of a more serious Temper, he is as very a superstitious *Bigot*, as any in the Papacy; he would rather have no Preaching, than that the Surplice should be left off, and thinks his Child not Christned, if it be not done with the sign of the *Cross*; he counts *Opus operatum* sufficient, and if he have but been at *Common-prayer*, and made his *Responses* loud enough to drown the Clark, and had the Parsons Blessing, his Task is done and all is safe. Flesh on a Friday is more abomination to him, than his Neighbours Bed, and he abhors more not to bow at the Syllables of the word *Jesus*, than to swear by the Name of God.

He has got a *New English Dictionary*, framed by the Indefatigable skill of *Heraclitus*, and the *Observator*, whereby he Traversties the most Loyal honest sense into *Blasphemy* and *Treason*. Talk soberly of *Religion*, and he flaps you over the face with Heresie, Schism, Fanaticism, and Faction, or roundly calls you confounded Whigg, and so you are confuted. Urge never so modestly, *Legal Fundamental Rights*, and mention Irregularities, though in a place appointed to remedy them, he cryes out *Rebellion! Treason!* you *Depose the King!* you *Arraign the Government*, &c. Mention the *Commons* of *England*, and the general sense of the Nation, and he exclaims, Dam the *Mobile* and your *Appeals* to the *Rabble*; and yet at the same time Courts and Applauds Tag-Rag and Long-tail, the *Cooks and Chandlers of New-Sarum*, and such other Worshipful Patriots, for declaring their three half-penny Judgments of the highest Affairs of State, in their *Addresses*. And as for the two last Parliaments, every petty *Chapman* or *Apprentice*-

tice-boy, takes upon him to Censure the grave Proceedings of those *Venerable Senates*, as malepartly as if they had been but a Company of Fidlers.

Yet still he fears not *God* so much as a *Parliament*, but the reason why he Blasphemes the *one*, and Rails at the *other*, is, because as he really believes not a Future Judgement in the other world, so he puts *far off* the other (to him) evil day in *this*; and hopes to escape the Justice of both by the Mediation of Saint *Noli prosequi*.

Pluto. Well, what's the next? for I like this so well, I must hear all the rest.

Belfagor. Why, Sir, the next is the Character of a *Whigg*, but a thing so scurralously and weakly penn'd, that it cannot afford your Highness matter enough for one smile; and therefore if you please, we'll hang that by on the Jesuits file.

Pluto. Do so, but what's the next?

Belfagor. Why the Character of a *Tantivie-man*.

Pluto. Come read that then.

Belfagor. He is a jolly brisk young huff in Crape, Reperteeing, Rayling, Diolling, and Drinking; his Library besides Comedies and Novels, are *Grotius* on the *Canticles*, his *Votum pro papacia*, *Ovid de acte a Mandi*, *Cassander*, *Pece Maimbourg*, *Sham History of Lutherism*, and *Bennets Spinoza*, which you must know he reads for Confutation and direction only. As for his Religion, it is an Aristocracie, he can burlesque our little Discenting slaves at whom, while like a true Spiritual *Venetian*, he opposes the Priviledges of his Enthusiastick Parliament, to the Royalties of Holy Daddy; and this under the specious pretence of their Liberties and Immunities, of the *Gallicane* and other *Jure Divino* Grandees, though he cannot for all that easily brook the Infallible Cheat; yet should at this time of day go by the *Elsabeth* name of

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Anti-Christ. He is a Man-Midwife, and hath been for some years an Apprentice to Mother *Cellier*, yet affects a singularity in the Mysterie; he would deliver the Monster with the heels foremost, all Systems in Theologie he diffuses, as savouring of *Wittemberg* and the Lake *Lemanus*, excepting this one concise and pithy one of his own compiling, which as being a lover of the art of climbing, he hath made in a Climax or Ladder fashion thus; *No Christnings, no Salvation, no Salvation, no Grace, no Grace, no Bishops, no Bishop, no Salvation*; whence as clear as day light, Damnation to all *Geneva* men. His Church is much to large for a British head; for of late it reaches from the Isles of *Orcades*, to the Grand Seignors *Seraglio*, and better fits the tearm of Fifth Monarchy Monsieur, then of a Protestant English Prince. He hath taken an Oath that his most Sacred Majesty, (whom God for ever preserve from him and all false Traitors) *is in all causes, and over all persons, in these his Dominions, supream Head and Governour*; and yet would perfidiously advance into his place, a Junto of Forreign Mitre-men, wherein the very Pope if he'll but for once disclaim Arbitrary power, and give his word to be Civil, may preside in *pontificalibus*. In a word, he is a servile Parasite, a proud Hector, the Cats foot to the Jesuit, an underminer of Civil power, a Monopolizer of base Spirits, a Disbeliever of Popish Plots, turns Faith into Politie, Religion into Intreague, and Devotion into Hypocrisie, Banters Heaven, abuses the World, and betrays his Country.

Pluto. Belfagor, thou art a Rogue, I never laughed so heartily before; specious pretences, and Bantring of Heaven with a Rope to 'em. Well, the next.

Belfagor. Why, Sir, the next, for the sake of dearly beloved Brotherhood, have so wrapt themselves up in one another, that I cannot read them distinctly. *Pluto.*

Pluto. Why then let's have them as they are.

Belfagor. The Character of the *Observator* and *Heraclitus Ridens.* The one is a meer *Fidler* in Dialogues, the other plays the *Treble* to his *Base.* They skin and skarifie the *Act* of *Oblivion*, and teize about *Forty One*, till they loose it, to get Twenty shillings a week. After all their deep Contemplations, and delving in the Rubbish of the late times, the *Observator* keeps a great bustle in the world, to prove there is as much pleasure in borrowing discourse, as in stealing the affections of a young Lady against the consent of her Parents. He is one that tugs at the Labour Oare of Mischief, to turn the head of Conscience with his Tide. He and *Heraclitus* are the men, for whose sake *Colledge* may be in some measure pitied, for lying under the lash and sweet revenge of their Nonsensical and inhumane Triumphs. The *Observator* is one that *Strangele* thirsts and panteth after *Adoration* in Coffee-houses, and is the very *Adonis* of *Sam's* in *Ludgate-street*; where because he takes no Tobacco, he talks nothing but smoak. He and *Heraclitus* have reason to shake hands, in regard their Tails are so close tyed together, like *Samsons Foxes*, to fire the Nation. Neither Truth, Honesty, Reason, nor right Maxim of State do they consider, nor how to temper the various mixtures in the variety of Opinions; suffering themselves to be carried away with the stream of present Transactions, and forgetting the rules of that profession, to which they both aspire, that there is *Harmony* in *Discord*; which since it cannot be avoided, is to be well and artificially bound and sweetned, not exasperated. It may be questioned whether the *Observator* and *Heraclitus* may not more truly be said to be the *Jack-puddings* of the Nation, that play the Fool during the Fair-time, for the private advantage of their

that

that set 'em at work; or the *Ignes Fatui* that endeavour to lead the people altray with their false lights, appearances of Reason only, and the evening-flashes and dazlings of unpondred truth. They are the common Receptacles of *Contribution Drollery*. Were every Mans Name to his Conceit, their Pamphlets would look like the Roll of Benefactors in *Pauls*, the true experiment of the Proverb, *Tot homines, quot sententiæ*. It may be thought, that like *Castor* and *Pollux*, they were hatch'd out of a *Leda's Egg*, while they make such havock of Goosequils, and act the parts of officious *Ganders* over the rest of the vulgar flock: though it is not to be imagined, that the *Capitol* of the *Commonweale* should ever be saved by their clamorous impertinences, yet they may be said to be like *Mongrels*, that bark at *Sowgelders*. They are afraid of something by a sympathetick Compunction, yet know not what to call it. *Tory* and *Whigg* are the ground-work upon which they lay the *Purle* and *Embroidery* of their fictitious contrivances. With these implements, and other sheep-marks of distinction, they endeavour to raise a Civil War in every private Familie, to break and dissolve the harmless bonds of honest Society and Conversation, and *Guelph* and *Ghibelline* the Nation into confusion. Sometimes they are so confident as to name particular persons, and barbarously let loose the detested custom of the *Vetus Comœdia*, so long ago exploded by the Civil *Greeks*, to worry the Reputation of those that will not feed their humours. The Jesuit is now got a t'other side, and frisks it in his wanton conceits, like a fat Heifer in a rich pasture; and chuckles again to see those that confounded his *Real presence*, and other shams of his prophane Idolatrie, now reviling and tongue-persecuting those that hope for the joys of Eternity by a better *Sacrament*.

'Tis true, they are very merrie, but still they play like Melancholly Gamesters, the right hand against the left; so that 'tis no wonder they should win all they throw at. Only sometimes they get a Rub from *Ludgate hill*, and then they crie, Hoop, here's work for another week. But as one pathonate word in scoulding draws on another, and the feud will never abate, while the heat and fury of the animosities is continued; therefore it were to be wished, that care might be taken for the suppression of all those *Goosequil Pickerers*. They are base and inconsiderate, more swayed by *Pence*, *Guinies*, and *Irish Consciences*, than by true Loyaltie or Reason. They make no distinction between *Dissenters* out of *Faction*, and *Dissenters* out of pure and Immaculate Consciences; but run tempestuously upon a most undoubted Body of the *Protestant Religion* without exception. Masquerraded Champions, and it seems well paid for their *Tilting*. They consider not, that though Reflexions upon Sovereign Princes are abominable, yet the sober and temperate discourse of Libertie was always allowed.

Besides, they can never be said to write well, who are not able to justifie themselves to all the Inquisitions of the Government wherein they live; therefore neither the *Observator* nor *Heraclitus* can be said to write well, because the very noise of a Parliament terrifies them, more than the rattling of Thunder did *Caligula*; it drives the one again to his *Batavian* Sanctuary, and without blast founders the *Sayling Vessel* with all its Cargo.

Pluto. Why these are fine fellows indeed! Well, but how *Belfagor* did you find these Characters to agree with the persons?

Belfagor. All the observation I could make was this, that they agreed well enough with some, but very ill with others. They hit the humours of the vain and lower sort

ſort of the one, and the more deſigning and turbulent of the other party, but never touched the reſt, who are of all the far greater number. So that all this paper-ſcuffling ſeemed to me, to be only to amuſe the Vulgar and the Ignorant, and to raiſe a general combuſtion in the Nation, to the end the State-Salamanders might ſecure themſelves in the flames. And for the Scriblers themſelves, thoſe great Generals of ſo many Battalions of Waſt-paper, I leave to your Highneſſes judgement, for I am ſure it will one day come to that, whether or no they would not write for your Sootineſs upon occaſion, being ſuch as only for the preſent farm out their extravagant fancies, and lowly ſurrender themſelves to be the Tools of Miſchief and Diſorder for a little immediate gain; wherein they are yet ſo unſucceſsful, as not to gain the leaſt conqueſt upon men of Reaſon or Diſcretion. Sir, did you ever hear of *Forty One?*

Pluto. Yes, and was my ſelf a great actor too at that time.

Belſagor. And what does your Highneſs think of an old, cunning, weather-beaten States-man, that ſhould go about to recover an Intreague in which he had once loſt himſelf, by the ſame meaſures, by the ſame beaten road, and by the ſame trite and common artifices, ſtill ſo freſh in memory, that every ordinary Politician in power would eaſily know how to obviate.

Pluto. I ſhould think him a fool, a meer fiſher for Frogs, that thinks to catch the Multitude again with a bait, which they had ſwallowed already, ſo much to their prejudice.

Belſagor. Wherefore then ſo much noiſe with *Forty One?* the ſtale, over-worn, thread-bare pretences of which, are now known to every Apprentice; which makes me think, that the *Whiggs*, men of deep profound

consideration, and that have much to loose upon miscarriage, must have newer studyed and refined intreagues, if any at all, than those of *Forty One*, or else it is impossible that they should be guilty of those practices which are laid to their charge; from whence it is as impossible they should ever dream for the least success, while there is but two penny-worth of vigilancy over em.

Besides, Sir, one thing more I observed in my Travels, that before the *Grand Plot*, the *Whiggs* were accounted good Subjects, had all the Gratious Complyance, Loyal hearts, and open Purses, that could be wished for; so that all things past seemed to be buryed in the grave of oblivion. But no sooner was the *Grand Plot* of your *Highnesses Nephew the Pope* discovered, but up starts *Forty One* in a Winding-sheet, and made such a noise i'the streets, that nothing could stand in competition with it. Then it was that the Popish-landers, countenanced by some of the greatest personages in *Plotters-Island*, like the Hare, that never makes more doublings and turnings, than when she hears the full cry of fields ring the peal of Death in her ears, finding the *Whiggs* in chase of their *Plot*, and still tracing it upon the hot scent of fresh discovery, were resolved, if they could, to spoil their noses by strewing good store of pepper all along upon the trail. To this purpose they set up one of their Minions to thwart the first Discoverer, to contradict him, teaze him, vex him, discountenance, discourage and render him fallacious, an Impostor, and consequently ridiculous to the people. Nay, he was so venturous, though he durst not absolutely deny the *Plot*, in the Infancie of its Discovery, as to fix it so for a time by his Libelling Charms, that it seemed to hang in an airy doubt between Truth and Untruth; like your Highnesses Brother

ther *Mahomets* Tomb between Heaven and Earth. But his Magick spells being broken by that *Grand Senate* of *Plotters Island*, it rested again upon the *Terra firma* of the so much upbraided discovery, and then the *Magot* was forced to creep into a *Holland-Cheese*, for fear of being brought to condign punishment. For the *Grand Senate* of the *Island*, notwithstanding all his little potions of Intoxication, found, and adjudged it to be a *Plot*, caressed the Discoverers, and prosecuted the Criminals with that Noble Zeal, that your Highness well knows the Harvest you have reaped thereby.

Pluto. Ah *Belfagor*, *Belfagor*, a poor Wheatsheaf to what I should have had, could the design have been complicated, and I have had but my due!

Belfagor. I confess it, most Fuscous *Lucifer*, I have always had that experience of your Justice, that you love not to be named with the Innocent.

Pluto. I cannot say so *Belfagor*, for the Nocent, and Innocent are all one to me. But I must needs say, when the Innocent come in shoals, I have a far worse opinion of them that send, than of those that are sent, as verily believing there must be most devillish foul play i'the case.

Belfagor. Thus far, Sir, as I have hinted before, all the Treason, all the Ignominie, all the Shame, all the Villany of the design, all the blame that your Highness could have had had you been guilty of it your self, lay upon the necks and shoulders of the Popish landers. All which rendred them so abhorious all over the world, and made the burthen so heavie, which otherwise they would have made no more of, than of a Larks feather, that they resolved to rid themselves of it, if it were possible to be done by the art of Jesuits, and I was informed, that they had sent a most splendid Embassie of Thirty thousand

thousand Masses and *Ora pro Nobis*, and that your Nephew the *Pope* had offered you the Restitution of Purgatorie, to give your assistance.

Pluto. 'Tis very true, *Belfagor*, what you say, and thereupon we advised with our *Chief Justice Rhadamanthus* about it, who told us, they were a company of Villains and Poltrons, and had so much craft and cunning already, that if we lent them any more, we might chance to rue the fatal effects of our kindness; and desired us to beware the sad example of our Father *Saturn*. Thereupon we excused our selves, by telling 'em, that neither we nor our Royal Consort had ever been bred to Church-Musick, and therefore had no kindness for it; and that for their Exorcisms, we had now learnt more wit than to fear 'em.

Belfagor. Then I believe that it was upon the return of their Embassie, that they set up to work for themselves, for presently they raised a hugeous high Mountain which they called *Forty One*, out of the Mines of an old Garrison long ago dismantled; from the top of which they daily discharged whole Volleys of Invectives, Libels, Tales, Stories, Shams, Surmises, Calumnies, and several other such kind of paper-Squibs against the *Whiggs*, to make a breach in the Reputation of the whole Party. This was diligently carryed on by their two principal Generals of the Artillery, *Don Observatore*, and *Don Heraclitus*, who have laboured at the Battery day and night for some time. Truly, Sir, it behoov'd the Papists so to do, for their necessities prest hard upon 'em at first, for the principal Provinces of *Plotters Island*, that is to say, *Tory-land*, *Whigg-land*, and *Tantivie-shire*, were against 'em, and the chief Governour of *Justicia* was a *Whigg-lander*, by whose admirable Courage and Conduct the Plotters were every where overthrown, defea-

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ted, and entoffs; which the *Popish-landers* seeing, resolved, if possible, to gain him to their side; and at length so far prevailed, that for a good round sum he being very poor and in debt, surrendred up the Garrison of *Justicia*, into the hands of the *Popish-landers*, by which means the Seer *W.* the Princess of *Mealubia*, and several other most Notorious Plotters made their escapes, to the incredible joy and advantage of the whole party; who animated with this success, with a very numerous army of specious pretences, large promises, slie insinuations, cunning perswasions, false Oaths, crafty protestations, and Masqueraded counterfeits, soon reduc'd a great part of *Tory-land* under their subjection, and are now endeavouring the utter ruine and devastation of *Whigg-land*, not doubting but to undermine the whole Plot, and so blow it upon *Whigg-land*; to which purpose these *Tory-land* Pamphleteers, like Moles, lie delving and digging unwarily in the dark and obscure Mines of Jesuitism, little dreaming that the Mines will at length fall upon emselves; not considering then whatever Interests or Prerogatives of Princes the Popish-landers may pretend, *Per ail mondo, e ruina il cielo*, is their Motto; they care not though all the Interests and Prerogatives of all the Princes in the world were utterly ranverst, so they may uphold their own. And all this proceeds from the enormous pride of the Clergy, who not enduring any Equals, much less Superiours, would have all the world under their girdles. And thus having given your most *Illustrious Sootinesse* the best account I can, of the hazards and incumbrances you will meet with in attempting upon the Globe of the Earth, I again advise you to keep your old station, where you live at ease, with full Command and Dominion.

Pluto.

Pluto. Well, but is there no appearance of Reconciliation?

Belfagor. Truly, Sir, by what I observe, my opinion is, there's little probability for't, so long as these Swarms of Pamphleteers are suffered. For though Impeachments and Accusations upon just ground are always to be allowed of, yet Calumnies are never to be endured among a Free people; they only irritate, never chastize, but are often made use of to justifie the effects of provocation.

Pluto. Well then, if it be so, I'le keep where I am. But are they all so sullen and morose? is there no mirth among em?

Belfagor. Why, truly Sir, I'le tell ye, not long since, I met with two merry Relations, the one among the *Tory-landers*, the other among the *Whigg-landers*; the first concerned a *Whigg-lander*, who had been poysoned with the blast of an *Irish* Conscience, flown from the breath of a randan *Tantivie-man*; that among the *Whigg-landers* concerned a certain stripling in the Law, son, as they said, to the late Governour of the Fortress of *Justicia*, who so publickly was degraded for his Misdemeanours, and commonly called the *Catholick Lawyer*; I was shewed him once in the street in a Coach, hung about with loose ratling Irons, which made a noise like little Bells, which made me look to see what Coaches followed him; because I had observ'd, that the foremost of your Carriers Horses always travail with a Coller of Bells about their necks; whether it were his pride or his ambition, I can't tell; however, he got a name by it, and is like to keep it, for they call him *Gingling Will*; he pretends, they say, to be a second *Mercurie* for swiftness of heels, and swears he would have undertaken to have kept pace with the Eagle that carryed *Ganymed* to

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your Brother *Jupiter*. Insomuch, that he had like to have got on of the best places in the Penny-post-Office, had he not spoiled his preferment by the loss of a Match which he made to run with a Tinker, both naked, for Three Guineys, all the length of the *Pall Mall* in St. *James*'s Park.

Pluto. And you say *Gingling Will*, as you call him, did run this Match.

Belfagor. Yes, a'nt like your Highness, and the Tinker won it too for the Tinker put the sham upon him, by disguising another more nimble of foot to run it for him.

Pluto. By *Styx*, when he comes into my clutches, I'le make him run't over again, rather than I'le have a Catholick Councellor so baffled by a Tinker.

Belfagor. The same Relation informed me likewise, that as he was a great Racer himself, so he thought it also convenient to keep a running *Nag*. To which purpose when the Carter brought the Money to pay his Father for the surrender of the Garrison of *Justicia*, the young Squire knocks off the hoops of one of the Firkins, cram'd his pockets, and presently tript it away to the chief City of *Plotters Island*; thither being come, his Money burning in his breeches, he repaired for a Cooler to a Reverend old Matron, whom your Highness well knows, as having been long famous for sin and iniquity, called *Betty Buly*. Oh, Sir, I cannot pass her by without an *Encomium*; she has sent many a restless piece of young *Kid*, and *Barren Doe* to your Royal Consorts Table; and for Sauce, many a small Barrel of Gentlemens Pallats, and Tips of Noses, instead of Champignions, pickl'd in Decoctions of *Guiacum* and *Sarsaperilla*. To this good Lady the vertuous Squire, full of his Fathers temptation, Gold, goes and proffers her five Guinies to procure him a *Virgin Intact*.

Pluto. Five Guineys, *Belfagor*? why, are Maidenheads so flush i'that place, that the price is fallen so low? I ha' known the time when a Mortal could hardly get one for love or money.

Belfagor. Oh, Sir, the case is altered now, for old Mother *Shiptons* Prophesie has almost brought it self about, with five or six Women to one man. But she presently took the measure of his narrow Soul, and fitted him accordingly; for instead of a Virgin, she brought him an old, cunning, Gilting Whore, that infused such a Babylonish Contagion into him, that what between the Tinker and the Harlot; he is unrecovered to this day, and finds enough to do

to keep himself upon his legs. And which was worse, the Horn breaking forth with the Distemper, it was carried to his Glyens the Imprisoned Lords. In the chief Casus upon *Plotters Island*, which gave occasion to the Ladies in company, not only to laugh heartily, but also to make Reflections upon his doleful condition. While one of them could not refrain from discovering the intended gratitude of the whole part to the fools that serve them, saying, *Though the Noddy be our Cats-foot, for a Mation at the Bar or so, yet am I mightily pleased to hear of the Son being so met withal, for the havock his Father made among our good friends, before his pecuniary Convictions.* So that it is much to be feared, your Highness will loose your old acquaintance, Mrs *Buly*; it being the vogue of all *Plotters Island*, that she deserves a Canonization, for being thus instrumental in the Mortification of this little *Holophernes*.

Pluto. I should have disown'd the old *Jade* for my Scholar, as thou well knowst she was, had she done otherwise. Alas five pound and a Crown!

Belfagor. After this, Sir, and the swallowing of many a bitter Potion, and many a long Quick-silver spit, the young Squire being a little recruited, would needs go a swan-hopping after a young Gentlewoman in the Country, whom under the pretence of Matrimony he had formerly made love to, and obtained her promise. But that not being his design, he inveigled her up to the Chief City of the Island, where at a penurious Treat, he took occasion to drench her with such an Opiate Dose, that the young Damsel fell into a sound sleep, in which condition she was put to bed.

Pluto. By *Styx*; a most excellent way to take a Maidenhead napping. But now I think on't, my Cousin *Hecate* plaid her beloved *Endymion* just such another trick, and enjoyed him in a dream. But I'le tell thee *Belfagor*, there must be great care taken of this *Spark* when he comes here; for he that will lye with a Maid in a dead sleep, will not spare to lye with the dead themselves. And if my Subjects should once get the trick on't, what a new generation of Devils should we have? I tell thee the consequences of these things are evil.

Belfagor. Now, Sir, when the vertue of the Potion was spent, the unvirgined Gentlewoman awak'd; but when she found how the *Gingling Squire* had used her, grief and Despair threw her into those desperate fits, that brought a most violent Feaver upon her; and such a distraction seized her for the loss of her Honour, that she could

could scarcely recover her former temper in Nine Months; and the end of which she made a worse Discoverry, and there was no concealing the business, for she was with Child. And now your *Bootiness*, according to your wonted justice, expects to hear that *Gingling Will* should have made her amends by Marrying her. But he took the more gentle and modish way; he only kept her for a year or two; then that she might partake with him as well in his adversity, as prosperity; for he gave her a bountiful proportion of those marks of affection which he had received at *Betty Baly's*, and so dismissed her. And these, Sir, are your *Tory* ways of courting and consummating their Amours. Then, Sir, for their valour, they are very quarrelsome, especially upon the refusal of a Health.

Pluto. Oh *Belfagor*, I have always observed, that Love and Honour go together.

Belfagor. No, not too much of Honour neither, for, may it please *your Highness*, there are various tempers of men. Some valiant men cannot endure to see a Cat; others will never stand ye with a Custard at the Swords point. And thus it fares with our man of Honour, for he cannot endure an Oaken plant in a Countrymans hand, called *Dorsibey*, but if he sees it, sneaks into an Alley, and if pursued, surrenders up his silver-hilted Sword to be pawn'd at discretion, and redeem it if he think it worth his labour. But upon the refusal of a Health he takes another course; for then he proceeds gradually, first he stares ye i'the face, and cries Zounds, what not drink the D's Health? then he throws a glass of Wine i'your face; and if this be not taken well, he takes up a glass Bottle, beats a point of War upon your face, and presently breaks out two or three of your Teeth. And, Sir, let me tell you, there is nothing so frequent as these squabbles in *Plotters Island*; but they are very advantageous to your Highnesses Quarter-master-generals, my L. *Satan*, and my L. *Belzebub*. As for example, if any person denies to drink the D. *de P.* Health, presently another cries *Damme, what not drink the health? Damme, he shall drink it.* So by the refusal of one Health they get ten or twenty swinging assurances of Body and Soul to fill up the Chinks of *Hell*. And all this proceeds from the Animosities which are daily blown up and cherished by the Pamphleteers, those Tools of the *Jesuits*, the *Observator* and *Heraclitus*.

Pluto. Well, here's enough concerning the Son; but what's now become of the Father?

Belfagor. Your Highneſs means the Governour of the fortreſs of *Juſtice.*

Pluto. Yes, I do ſo.

Belfagor. Then I'm right: Why, Sir, no ſooner had he ſurrender'd up that Fortreſs, (which he did for ſuch a ſum of money as would have tempted your Highneſs your ſelf,) but he was re-entruſted to look after the utter demolishing of that Fort; wherein he ſhewed himſelf ſo active, as if he had had a Spleen againſt that lovely Palace. Againſt the detectors of the Plot, no man more malicious and inveterate; nay, a perſon could not appear to give Evidence againſt a *Popiſh-lander*, but 'twas preſently, *Whipſtaff, Tipſtaff*, take that Rogue, and caſt him into the Dungeon of *Banco priſonia*; which was no ſooner ſaid but done. But to the Popiſh-landers, no man more condeſcending, more ſoft, patient, and more indulgent: to the Princes of *Mealtubia*, like *Pyramus* to *Thisbe*; to the Baron of *Aſtonaria*, like *Pylades* to *Oreſtes*: And ſo a great part of the Walls of the *Fortreſs* fell down: And doubtleſs it had been totally ruin'd, had not the great Senate of *Plotters Iſland* oppoſed his proceedings. So that he was at length ſent into the Country with a thing called *Quietus eſt*, to enjoy what he has ſo baſely got, with the Curſes of the *Iſlanders*.

Pluto. I hope he does not now lye quiet, and ſtudy Repentance; 'ſfoot he's a fat gobbet, I would not miſs him for any thing.

Belfagor. Yes, and deſerves to be ſeverely handled for certain Treaſonable words, which I am informed, he ſpoke againſt your Highneſs, not long ſince.

Pluto. What words?

Belfagor. Why, Sir, he ſaid, Dam me. ——

Pluto. Well, what hurt in that?

Belfagor. None, Sir; but he ſaid further, *I demoliſhed the Fort of* Colemannia *in ſpight of the Court; I delivered up the Fort of* Wakemannia *in ſpight of the City, and I will be Governour of the Fortreſs of Juſtitia ſtill, in ſpight of the Devil.*

Pluto. Bid our Attorney-General take particular notice of this.

Belfagor. The ſooner the better, Sir, for he begins to droop.

Pluto. How know you that?

Belfagor. By his own confeſſion, Sir, for quoth he at the ſame time, *Though I am an Old fellow, and cannot drink, ſwear, fight and whore ſo well as formerly I could, yet I have a Son that is* Caſtor *and* Pollux, *two in one ſkin*, that can and ſhall do all together, to ſerve the *Popiſh-*

Popish-landers. And then straining the point a little farther, he thus proceeded: *I have two Daughters also that shall perform their parts at all those accomplishments of Modish Gallantry.*

Pluto. A my word *Belfagor*, this Governour understands trap; thou knowst 'tis our way to have our Temptations ready for a brisk opportunity. But if he don't bring himself into play, both his Sons and his Daughters too will be soon forgot. For the Sons of such persons, you know, like the Sons of Parsons, seldome come to good, and their Daughters are as little regarded after their Fathers are laid aside, and are consequently dead either in their authority, or deceased to us.

Belfagor. Oh, Sir, he has been endeavouring to glister in the world again. And to that purpose, believing a *Privy-Councellor*'s place might have been bought, offered some of his *Popish-landers Gold* for the Imployment; but the impudent and impolitick offer rendred him so despicable and unfit for so high a dignity among Mortals, that they say he bit off both his Thumb-nails for madness that he had committed such an Errour.

Pluto. And well he might: he a Privy-Councellor! by *Styx*, that Prince would be well served that makes use of him; he a Privy-Councellor! he a Wine-Porter.

Belfagor. Oh, Sir, but this is not all; I was informed by my Brother *Ramballat*, who was either your Agent that conducted the person that carried the Cordial Mass, or else Tempter-General to the Governour in your behalf, who was present at a discourse that hapned between a certain *Monsieur*, *Monsieur François*, who was Agent in *Plotters Island* for the Soveraign of *Francia*, and the *Popish-landers*. It was in the Summer-time, when the declining Sun had spread the earth with the long shades of several tall Elms, that were guarded from the brousing Cattle with sundry sweet-smelling brakes. Then I say it was, when Monsieur *François*, and the Governour of the Fortress of *Justicia*, wearied with Travail, or else to recreate their tired cogitations, had lain themselves down undiscovered from each other; when on a suddain, Monsieur *François* disburthening his mind to himself, uttered these words: *By my Arbitrary power I'le make him Absolute ere I return. Arbitrary? Absolute*, quoth the Governour, why that's the thing I have been driving at; and presently spying Monsieur *François*, made up to him, and with his broad-brimm'd Hat, and bended brows, accosted him. Who art thou, quoth *Monsieur François?* Why, I am that late famous Knight, the

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Governour of the Fortress of *Justicia*. To which Monsieur *Francois* replyed, O, ho, *Bon jour*, *bon jour*, *Monsieur le Governeur*. Pray speak English, Sir, quoth the Governour, for I have burnt my Tongue already with learning to speak French. Thereupon my Brother *Rumballat* was chosen to be Interpreter between them, so they began and went on as follows.

Monsieur Francois. Why, man, what's the matter, are all things turn'd topsie turvie?

Governour. So it seems, *Monsieur*: But did not you talk of *Arbitrary*, and *Absolute*, just now?

Monsieur. Yes I did, and what then?

Governour. Why because I was an Assertor of the disquieted Title to *Plotters Island*, which the *Whigglanders* call'd a Crime, and an Endeavouring to set up *Arbitrary* and *Absolute* Power.

Monsieur. *En bien*, was that all your crime? that may be mine too for ought I know; for such is my business, and I am not to stir, until it be effectually done: But I have the Cash, the Cash, man, and that alone will do the work at long run.

Governour. Cash, what Money?

Monsieur. Yes Money, the very Life and Nerves of Intrigue and Design, the very weapon by which my Master hath made all those great Conquests which he now enjoys; and by which, if he lives but a few years longer, he'll subdue the whole World.

Governour. How unhappy have I been, that could not be sooner accquainted with you; perhaps I might have been serviceable, and I'm sure his Coyn would have been acceptable enough to me.

Monsieur. No matter, 'tis not too late yet; though you are out of Power, yet your advice may be serviceable, and if you'll come in for your share at that, I'll take care to procure you a Pension.

Governour. Agreed, Monsieur *Francois*, with all my heart, and bring my Son in too; for of Idleness comes nothing, 'tis the moving hand gets the pence.

Monsieur. Your Son, I know him, he's a thick-scul'd, hot-headed, sottish Clown, that can do us little good, unless it be to go now and then to Coffee-houses, and Huff, Swear, Ram and Dam against the *Whigglanders*, and that will scarce do neither, for they are grave, sober, serious, warie Sophisters, that must be handled gently, by men of Parts, learned, affable, and obliging, not by the heats and feuds of Ninnies and Fools.

Governor.

Governour. However you see my good will to your Cause. But what sort of employment must mine be, and what my Pension?

Monsieur. Your employment must be at all, and your Pension according as you deserve.

Governour. By my troth this is very hard, though 'twas once in my power to have made my own tearms, but now it seems I must be forc'd to come in upon yours.

Monsieur. Ay, and a good thrift too. But in short I'll tell you the design, provided you will be sworn to secrecy, and then you will be able to guess whether or no you can do us any service.

Governour. 'Tis agreed, I am sworn, now go on.

Monsieur. Why, I suppose you have heard of my Masters pretentions to the Dukedome of *Burgundy*, *Luxemburg*, &c. All which is as good as his own already, you cannot but have heard likewise, that he hath broke the *Nimmeghen League* by the taking of *Strasburgh*; why now he resolves to fall upon *Flanders*, which he hath reason to think himself pretty secure of: For though we have been seemingly asleep, under a Notion of Peace, yet our powerful Coyn hath been moving in all parts of the World, but particularly in *Flanders*, where we have made so many of the *Spanish* Officers our own, that, whenever my Master pleases to draw his Sword, ——

Governour. Draw his Sword, why must there be fighting again?

Monsieur. Yes, a little for the colour of the thing.

Governour. Your Master is the devil of a man, he Conquers more in the times of Peace, than all the European Princes besides can do, by the greatest face of War they are able to make.

Monsieur. And therefore he is so much the more to be commended.

Governour. No, pardon me for that, Sir, pray where are the brave and Heroe-like Feats of War? I find nothing but what's done by *Traytors*, and Princes gul'd out of their Countries under the Notion of Peace; which sort of Actions among Princes and Kings, are of all others most base and mean.

Monsieur. But if you prate at this rate, *Monsieur* le Governour, fare well, for I cannot endure. ——

Governour. Nay, hold Sir, if you will not hear what I can say against, as well as for the Interest of your Master, how can you think that I shall understand my business, or ever be able to serve him?

Monsieur. That's true.

Governour.

Governour. Then pray go on, but you must give me leave to interrupt you sometimes.

Monsieur. Why, when we are once in possession of *Flanders*, you know what Inroads and other great advantages we have upon the *United Provinces*, so that they shall be constrained for their own safety, either to put themselves under my Masters protection, or else be liable to have their whole Country Marched over when frozen, and burnt, or set under water and ruined in a short time.

Governour. What then? what have I to do with all this? you know that I am an old fellow, and can't go abroad.

Monsieur. I thought you a more judicious man, that's not required of you, you must hear this and a great deal more, or else you'l never understand any thing. This is the Scheme of my Masters Affairs all over the world, and will you not hear it?

Governour. Yes, yes, pray go on, Sir.

Monsieur. Why, when we are secured from the danger of *Holland*, have taken in *Savona*, *Geneva*, and some other as considerable Garrisons in those parts, which my Master hath now intitled himself to, by taking in *Casal*, when he hath procured his Son to be Crowned King of the *Romans*, the thing he hath so long desir'd, and either secur'd his Alliances with the *Dane*, *Swede*, *Brandenburgh*, and some other of the *Palatinate* Princes, or put them into a state of Neutrality: When he shall have brought the Malecontents of *Hungaria* under the protection of the *Turk*, and secur'd him by an Offensive and Defensive League, by that time my Master hopes his Interest here may be so considerably increas'd, that it may be worth while to bring a considerable Fleet of men of War into the narrow Seas, to block up the Mouth of the River of *Thames*, and turn the whole Trade into *Holland*, the East Country, or elsewhere, and so having sufficiently weakned you, at once to pour into the bowels of your Country an Army of Eighty or a hundred thousand men.

Governour. But if your Master do all this, what occasion is there for such an interest to be made here, as you seem to desire?

Monsieur. Oh, very material, for my Master never strikes till he be secured every way, and therefore a fine well-insinuated interest here, would be of great moment at such a juncto, when my Master should Invade you; and in order thereunto, I am sent over to promote a right understanding amongst all our Friends, and to see that such as can be serviceable may have Pensions setled upon 'em. But as for those that only pretend, and do us no service, as there are many such,

such, they must e'en peck off; for my Master hath spent vast sums of Money about this Affair already, and resolves to be bubbl'd out of no more.

Governour. Why now you're come to the point: But how are those Pensions to be paid? have you a Fund here?

Monsieur. Yes, and have had one for several years past.

Governour. Well then, pray tell me wherein I can contribute to the advancing your Masters Interest here, how the posture of your Affairs stands, and who are your principal Friends. Unless I know this, I can do you but little service. I finde you are no stranger to my Affairs: and therefore you well knowing how much I have been exposed already, I hope you will allow me instruments to work at a distance with.

Monsieur. We expect from you nothing so much as Advice in points of Law, and in which we must be concern'd sometimes. As for our Interest here, 'tis totally wrap'd up in the so-much-disputed Succession; and what that does, gives life and being to our designs. The immediate posture of our Affairs, seems to be very secure, nothing having more largely contributed thereto, than the late Transactions in *Scotland*; which to our best view hath brought all things to a Crisis: so that all depends now upon a Senate here, that may be as fit for our purpose as that in *Scotland* hath been.

Governour. And how to procure that, is the great thing of all.

Monsieur. You're i'the right on't, *Monsieur le Governour*, and that I believe will be your Task; which if you can but obtain, will not onely give you the whip-hand of all your Whigland Antagonists, but make your name great and famous to Posterity: for the time is coming, according to the common Proverb in *France*, *Un Dieu, un Roy, un Religion*, over all the World; and if you can contribue any thing to this, happy will be the hour you were born in.

Governour. I'll do what I can. But I did desire to know your Masters principal Friends that are concerned in this great Affair.

Monsieur. All that will follow of course by and by.

Governour. Well then, what is it you would expect from a *Senate* here, if it were possible to get one for your Masters purpose?

Monsieur. Oh, I'll tell you. We should be modest enough: for all our desire at present is, onely to procure a *Bill* for fixing the Succession on *D. de P.* another for *Liberty of Conscience*, or Toleration as some term it; a third, an Act of Oblivion or Indemnity; to make room for which, we are endeavouring to render the *Whig-*

[illegible] as criminal to the *Senate*, as the *Popish-Landing* have been; and a fourth, to prohibit all our Country-Commodities.

Governour. As for the three first, I understand 'em well enough; but what can you get by the last?

Monsieur. Why if a general Prohibition should pass upon all our Country-goods, and my Master have at the same time the command of the Seas, it would be an excellent colour to block up your River, as I told you before, and turn your Trade another way; nay, it might be a Shooing-horn to draw on a War between the two Crowns.

Governour. But how do you think we shall be able to bring this matter to pass, so as to have a *Senate* for our purpose?

Monsieur. Oh, for that I'll tell you, *Monsieur le Governour*, you have many Drinking Corporations; and some of 'em being well ply'd with good Beef, Bag-pudding, Wine, Beer, Brandy, and Tobacco, cannot fail for some of our Friends, more especially if we take but the least care to make the more mercenary part of 'em ours. We are no niggards of our Money in those cases. This being done according to our usual way of doing business, warily, will so enhance the Expences of the Competitors, that if a *Senate* be called but once in every year, according to our expectation, we shall so win upon the Multitude by our Generosity, that it will be impossible to fail of carrying all before us.

Governour. And then what fine sport will it be to find the Electors swindg'd off by Laws of their own making and consent!

Monsieur. Nay, that's not all; for we have this advantage besides: There are many Gentlemen who serve for such Drinking Corporations, whose Estates are not worth above five or six hundred pounds *per Annum*, and out of that they have great Families to maintain; so that the spending of a years Rent (as some of 'em must do, if we take any care) once a year about their Elections, for four or five years together, will so tire 'em, that they shall be glad to lay down the Oudgels.

Governour. In that, I believe you're right, Sir: but perhaps all of 'em may not quit the point so.

Monsieur. No matter: As for those that will not, they must be accoasted with great Offers and Advantages, and some considerable Pensions for the time present; and these Offers with Necessities are great Temptations.

Governour. I know it full well.

Monsieur. And that person who has but five hundred pounds *per Annum*,

Annum, and has been forc'd to spend it all about his Election, perhaps may be glad to snap at a Crust of 1000 l. *per Annum*, either to decline the thing, or else to stand bound by promise to serve our turn, and have all his Election-charges born besides.

Governour. Aye sure, a man would think so; but how long shall such a Pension be made to continue payable?

Monsieur. Till the *Senate* have done our business.

Governour. No longer?

Monsieur. No longer, no: Why do you think, *Monsieur le Governour*, that my Master intends to keep 'em in pay as long as they live?

Governour. Yes, and reason good too, I think, where a man must hazard his *All* to serve him.

Monsieur. Perhaps some few may be so paid, as your self, and, &c. but my life for yours, my Master knows better, than to continue his Bribes to all of 'em: He loves the Treason, but hates the Traytor after he hath serv'd him; as his usage to the Governour of *Messina* doth demonstrate.

Governour. What a fine condition had our last Pensionary-*Senate* then been in, according to this account! But, Sir, do you think that any Gentleman will be prevailed with to betray his King and Country, his Life and Fortune, his Religion, his Liberty and Property, for a Song?

Monsieur. Yes, believe it, yes: for you your self have made an observation on the late Pensionary-*Senate*, and that's true enough: for those Pensioners would have done all that, and a great deal more, and yet they were very honest Gentlemen.

Governour. Gentlemen, do you call 'em! what and so qualified! Pray where's their Honour?

Monsieur. Pish; that you of all men living should ask such a question! Why Honour's laid aside then: for such a man must have no Fortune, no Religion, no Honesty, no value for his own Life; and such Qualifications as these, goes far in our business.

Governour. You may expect from 'em long enough, I doubt, before you'll find your business done by such men in these parts: Perhaps more Northernly such a thing might take; but here ——

Monsieur. Why now I find you are totally against me.

Governour. No, no, Sir; 'tis onely my unhappiness, that I cannot be rightly understood; I onely make Objections for my own satisfaction: I am yours fast enough; but you must allow me to scruple Niceties sometimes.

Monsieur. Any reasonable thing, for your better information, is allowable.

Governour. Why then suppose the Pretensions of your Master (which you told me of just now) to *Luxemburg*, *Burgundy*, &c. should prove a Fallacie, his interest in *Flanders* thrown out of doors, and by that means be put by those *Inroads and great Advantages* which he expects to have into the *United Provinces*: Suppose they should have no regard to, but rather slight his Protection: Suppose he should, instead of taking in *Savoud*, *Genoa*, and those other considerable places in them parts, which he now seems to have such a vigilant eye upon, and pretends such great right to, meet the *Latin Princes* united, and in a considerable posture of defence, ready to oppose him: And suppose the *Dane*, *Swede*, *Brandenburg*, &c. should Ally with the *Emperour*, the King of *Spain*, the *States General*, &c. And suppose you find the *Malecontents* of *Hungaria* reconciled to and under the protection of the *Emperour*. What would his invading of *England* be worth then?

Monsieur. O fie, *Monsieur le Governour*, you talk at a strange rate now, and of such impossibilities.

Governour. Why suppose the *Hollanders* should send out a Fleet of Men of War, some to examine your Masters power concerning the Mountain which he is raising in the Sea before *Dunkirk*; others to batter down the Castle which he is building in the Air at *Marselles*, and to burn the Ships both there and at *Tholose*?

Monsieur. These are more improbable, and but your own wandring surmises, without the least ground. But allowing all those Alliances, and much more, yet if they have not *England* in with 'em, we remain still secure.

Governour. How so?

Monsieur. By our League; which I am of opinion they will not adventure to break. Then as for the *Emperour*, though he should in heat strike up an Agreement with the *Malecontents*, still we can call the *Turk* into his Territories, as we use to do.

Governour. Why, hath your Master such an interest in the *Turk*?

Monsieur. Yes, yes, an entire League: Did you never hear of that?

Governour. Surely the Devil is in him. Well, go on, pray, Sir.

Monsieur. Why the *Turk* will be able enough to divert the *Emperour*, having our Country to friend for all manner of Provisions for War; and as for those his Allies, my Master will undertake himself. As for the *Latin Princes*, have we not the Assistance of our

Holy

Holy Father the *Pope*, when my Master pleases to require it? and 's not *Casal* our own? and are not the *Latins* most grievously vexed with the Plague? and is it not known to all the World, how various and different their interests are, like the Princes *Palatine*? Therefore I say, all these things well considered, any reasonable Politician would think that an Army of 20000 Horse and Foot that are experienc'd, and well disciplin'd men, some for burning, others for pillage and plundring, being in the very bowels of an Enemies Country, should in a short time make such havock, and bring such an awe upon the spirits of the people, that they should be glad to take a Protection, or a Peace upon any terms.

Governour. Why, but still there's the *Spaniard*, and ——

Monsieur. The *Spaniard*, all the world knows his poverty, and how unfit he is to defend either by Sea or Land; and then his late Match with *Madam*, and some other as prevailing Checks, which his Necessities make him liable to, will divert him another way. But notwithstanding all that, let him strike up his Alliance with the *Hollander*, *Dane*, *Swede*, &c. which before they can bring to perfection, my Master will have fetch'd in *Flanders* in spight of their teeth.

Governour. Nevertheless, I doubt your Master has lick'd a Bur into the Throat of his Policks, by having to do with so much Potency at once, whose whole Countries are at stake. And again, have they not at least two Millions of Friends (the *Hugonots*) in the very heart of your Masters Country; besides vast stores of Men, Money, Shipping, and all other Necessaries for War? Pray, Sir, do you but state this to any reasonable Politician, and I'll undertake he shall tell you, Your Masters Affairs stand but in a bad posture; and nothing less than his total Ruine can follow, if *England* be prevailed with to ally.

Monsieur. Pish, why that can never be done.

Governour. No truely, I fear it very much: for I'm sure if they do but consult Policy and their common Safety, it must bring 'em in, more especially at such a time as this is, when the greatness of your Master threatens all the World with nothing but Vassalage and Destruction.

Monsieur. Policy! Why pray when do you find *English-men* consulting of Politicks, till it be upon the matter too late, or some great trouble or misfortune threaten them? But besides, if they should enter upon such Consults, perhaps it's now too late: for *D. de P.* hath so much gain'd the ascendanr, that if he please, there's but few things can miss his party.

Go-

Governour. That's in the North only: but take my word for't, the *Whiglanders* are too numerous and stubborn to be swayed by his Interest, which runs so counter to their being.

Monsieur. However, his Interest in the North joyn'd to that which is here, and the *Irish* joyn'd to both those, will do the Trick still, if well manag'd.

Governour. Why I hope you don't intend all this during the King's Life?

Monsieur. Yes but I do though, if my Master should *have occasion* to invade *England*, as he had to take in *Strasburg*: But if not, *D. de P.* does the thing himself of course, if he survive. And as for your Observation just now, that my Master hath two Millions of *Hugonots* in the heart of his Country, I object against that as not true: for above the half of 'em are run away into other Countries to shun the Persecution, as they term it. And as for those which remain behind, my Master is taking care they shall do him no hurt. But when I have said all this, and much more, how do you know but *D. de P.* has as great a number of *Dark-lanthorn Roman Catholicks* here in the hearts of these Kingdoms?

Governour. Truly all I can say, if it be so, is bad enough; for according to that account, whenever your Master pleases to invade us, the *Whiglanders*, and *Torylanders* too, may have their Throats very decently cut by their own Countrymen. But you were saying, more than half the *Hugonots* were ran away; and as for the rest, your Master intends to take care they shall do him no hurt: pray what does he intend to do with 'em?

Monsieur. Burn 'em, cut their Throats by way of Massacre, as they call it; it's all for the good of the Catholick cause, man.

Governour. Oh, Sir, 'tis a bad cause which must be served by inundations of Blood; and your Master must be a Devil incarnate, that can endure to wallow in the Blood of so many innocent Subjects. For my part, I cannot understand any reasonable excuse that can be made for him; or why so many hundred thousands of Souls should be made a Sacrifice to his insatiate Tyranny.

Monsieur. You'l never leave, *Monsieur le Governour*, till you spoil all; you are very much mistaken: 'tis sore against the will and Conscience of my Master, that such cruel Edicts should be publisht against the *Hugonots*, but ——

Governour. How? sore against his Conscience? that's still worse, why does he know it to be so, and yet persist? pray who puts him upon it then?

Mon-

Monsieur. Why, the Jesuits, to be reveng'd for the persecution which hath been here against the *Roman Catholicks*.

Governour. Say ye so? Blood! Revenge! by the Jesuits! and does their Religion teach 'em that?

Monsieur. Now you come with your Querks and Queries again; why you know it does, as well as I do; and that the thing which they call Religion, is a constitution Politick only of their own, which desires and delights in having the ascendant over, and influencing all the Kings and Princes in the world.

Governour. Why our *Saviour Christ* taught no such Doctrine, and yet they pretend to be his Followers, and assume the Name of *Jesus*; but do they influence your Master?

Monsieur. Yes, and he moves now, and hath done so ever since the death of *Mazarine*, that is, only by the wheel of their Policies. They are, and have been a considerable time, perswading of my Master to quarrel with the Pope.

Governour. What will they get by that?

Monsieur. Why they have had a great itching at the Chair, ever since *Ignatius Loyola's* time; and because they cannot come to it regularly, they hope to prevail with my Master to set up a *Patriarchate* in his own Country, and to choose the Patriarch out of their Society; but he sees into the bottom of this design, and will take better measures than to give them the upper hand of him, as they will be sure to have, should he comply with 'em in that Affair.

Governour. How? why is this the design? this clearly alters the Popes Ecclesiastical Government, and sets up a new Model. These mens Politicks will not only destroy both your Master and themselves, but all that have to do with 'em. For according to their Morals, no Prince in the world can ever be safe that corresponds with 'em.

Monsieur. No, no, now you're as much out again the tother way; pray let us hold to our business.

Governour. Then pray satisfie me in this point; if *England* should break the Leagne with your Master, and Ally with *Holland*, &c.

Monsieur. I'le tell ye, we have a reserve for that; for if we find *England* that way inclin'd, we have those which will undertake upon forfeiture of their Heads, to throw a bone between them, and soon set them together by the ears.

Governour. How, what that way too? that would be fine work indeed, and i'faith Conscience seazable enough!

Mon-

Monsieur. 'Tis very certain, 'twill be done if we find our League with *England* strain'd; and I'll engage they shall be continued to too, till my Masters work's done.

Governour. How, will you engage for the continuance of a War? how can that be?

Monsieur. Why there's a certain *Bannocklander*, who is said to have engag'd himself in the most sacred ties imaginable to serve my Master; and we are well assured of his care about Officers, and State-Ministers, so that in a short time, ——

Governor. In a short time, the *Turk* and your Master will subdue the whole world, and divide it between 'emselves.

Monsieur. No, no, that's your mistake again. *Governour.* How then?

Monsieur. Why my Master will have all or none: for tho' he may be constrained to shut the Turk, yet you may be sure, he'll give him *Palybotra*'s Law, devour him last, for he hates Competitors.

Governour. But allowing a War between *England* and *Holland*, and all your Masters designs to take effect upon that, so as to give him the Conquest upon both, pray what must *D. de P.* be? *Monsieur.* My Masters Vice-Roy.

Governour. Where? *Monsieur.* Here in these Kingdoms.....

Governour. And is that all he makes this bustle for? for my part I cannot understand his politicks, for methinks it should be much better to be King, though of a limited Monarchy, than to be *Vice-Roy* to a King *absolute & Arbitrary.*

Monsieur. That's true, but *D. de P.* has so over-acted his part, that he cannot drop it neither, without my Masters help.

Governour. So that now it seems he must be contented with what your Master will give him.

Monsieur. Give him! no no, 'tis supposed to be his own choice, as having declar'd, *He would rather become a Vice-Roy to a Foreign power, though the greatest Prince on Earth, than truckle to such who ought to be his Slaves and Vassals.*

Governour. My thinks, 'tis impossible he should speak such words.

Monsieur. 'Tis so reported, by those that pretend to know much.

Governour. Then I have been doing fine things indeed, who have acted as for my own life to advance his Interest, which as you say, now proves to be your Masters. *Monsieur.* Ay, but 'tis now too late to be sorry for that.

Governour. Is it so? well then over boots over shoes; I'le rather choose to die honourably, than live basely.

Monsieur. Why that's well resolved; 'tis Meritorious, and you dye in the Service of the Church.

Governour. Then 'tis a bargain, but you told me I should have an account of your Masters principal friend.

Monsieur. You shall know those in due time; I have better considered of that, and therefore desire to be excused till our next Meeting. *Adieu Monsieur le Governour, Adieu.*

FINIS.

1425